LIQUOR SUPPRESSION NUMBER

THE RED MAN

An Illustrated Magazine Printed by Indians

MARCH 1914

CONTENTS

Commissioner Sells on the Greatest Present Menace to the American Indian.

Prominent Indians Against the Liquor Traffic.

Senator Robert L. Owen, Cherokee.
Rev. Sherman Coolidge, Arapahoe.
Hon. Gabe E. Parker, Choctaw.

Assistant Commissioner Meritt on Suppression of the Liquor Traffic.

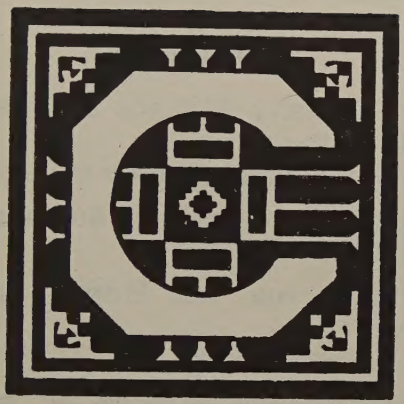
The Rise and Fall of King Alcohol Among the Nez Perces.

Why I Changed Front on the Liquor Question.

Ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee

THERE is nothing that could induce me, since I have taken the oath of office as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to touch a single drop of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and this regardless of my attitude on the Prohibition question.

COMMISSIONER SELLS



A magazine issued in the interest of the Native American

The Red Man

VOLUME 6 MARCH, 1914 NUMBER 7

Contents:

THE GREATEST PRESENT MENACE TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN—
By Hon. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs 249

SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN ON SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC - - - 250

AMERICAN INDIANS FOR THE HONOR OF THEIR RACE—
By Rev. Sherman Coolidge - - - 251

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER MERITT ON THE SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AMONG INDIANS— - - - - 256

THE RISE AND FALL OF KING ALCOHOL IN THE NEZ PERCE INDIAN COUNTRY—
By Miss Kate C. McBeth and Miss Mazie Crawford 259

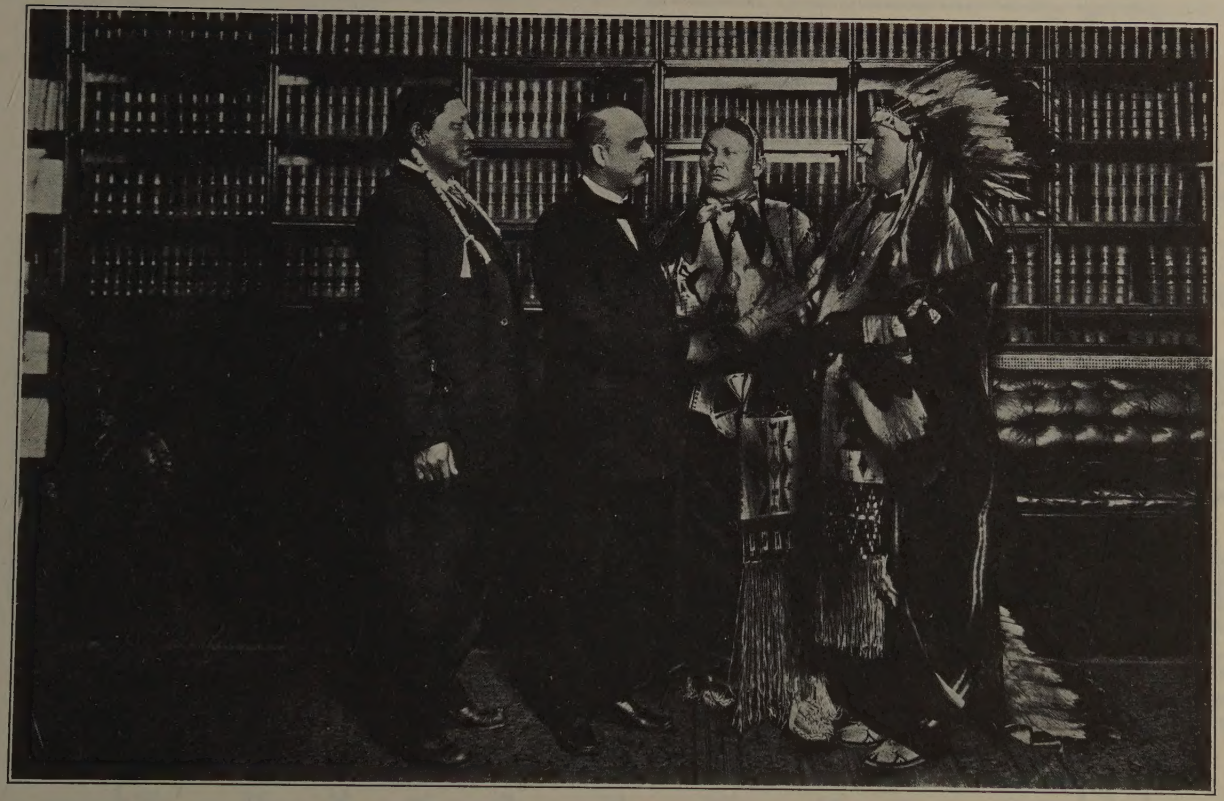
DAYS THAT ARE GONE FOREVER—
By Judge George W. Atkinson - - 266

INTEMPERANCE A NATIONAL VICE—
By Hon. Gabe E. Parker - - - 268

SOME INDIANS I HAVE KNOWN—
By J. A. Gilfillan - - - - 271

WHY I CHANGED FRONT ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION—
By Ex-Governor M. R. Patterson of Tennessee - 273

PUBLISHED BY U. S. INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.
OSCAR H. LIPPS, Supervisor in Charge.



Commissioner Cato Sells Greeting Chief Washee, Arapaho; Howling Water, Cheyenne; and Elfrich Heap-of-Birds, Cheyenne

The Greatest Present Menace to the American Indian:*

Hon. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

I BELIEVE that the greatest present menace to the American Indian is whiskey: It does more to destroy his constitution and invite the ravages of disease than anything else: It does more to demoralize him as a man and frequently as a woman: It does more to make him an easy prey to the unscrupulous than everything else combined. If I say nothing more to you to-night that leaves an impression, let it be this one thought: Let us save the American Indian from the curse of whiskey.

We have a force of men engaged in the suppression of the liquor traffic. That is their special business. But it is my business, and it is your business, to do everything we can, without injecting ourselves offensively into the work of others, or assuming a duty that is not properly ours, to help create an atmosphere, and suggest conditions that will be helpful in this respect, and above all, to be a personal object-lesson inviting the Indian to banish liquor, rather than to be guilty of anything that may cause him to look upon one of us as a justification for doing that which leads him to the destruction caused by the use of whiskey.

There is nothing that could induce me, since I have taken the oath of office as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to touch a single drop of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and this regardless of my attitude on the Prohibition question.

As a matter of good faith to our treaty relationships, to legislative enactments, to the Congress which appropriates $100,000 a year for the suppression of the liquor traffic among the Indians, we should do everything reasonably within our power to justify this appropriation and insure the best results obtainable. This accomplished, we have laid a substantial foundation for all of our work in solving the Indian problem, and made a long step forward looking toward their equipment for the responsibilities of citizenship.

---

*From an address delivered to the field Supervisors, Feb. 16–21, 1914

Senator Robert L. Owen on National Suppression of the Liquor Traffic:*

MR. PRESIDENT, I feel it my duty as a member of this body to express my profound satisfaction and my cordial acquiescence in the proposal offered to this body by the splendid young Senator from Texas (Hon. Morris Sheppard). I approve of this constitutional amendment. I am glad to see it introduced.

The eastern part of my own State, consisting of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, has had prohibition under the Indian treaties for a long period of time, due to the recognition by the Indian people of the baneful effect of this traffic upon their people. In admitting Oklahoma into the Union, the Senate of the United States imposed upon Oklahoma a condition which the best people of Oklahoma sought and desired—that the State should be introduced into the Union with Prohibition for the eastern part of Oklahoma, where the treaty obligations of the United States were transferred from the United States to the proposed Commonwealth about to enter the Union.

I should feel derelict in my duty to human beings if I did not now, at the first opportunity, express myself emphatically in favor of this proposal.

The only value a seat upon the floor of the Senate has that is worthy of a man is the opportunity it affords to serve other men. I hope the Senate may honor itself by passing this proposal as promptly as it can be done under the order of business in this body.

---

*Remarks made on the floor of the United States Senate December 10, 1913 on the occasion of the consideration of the Senate Joint Resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing for National Prohibition. Senator Owen is a member, by blood, of the Cherokee Tribe of Indians.

American Indians for the Honor of Their Race:

*By Rev. Sherman Coolidge.**

HAVE been on this platform before. I mean, in this building, but not on an occasion like this, but it was similar in that it was in behalf of emancipation. The Indian must be made free. It sounds funny to me to say that because this land on which he lived from time immemorial has been the land of the brave and of the free, and my people enjoyed that freedom and they were monarchs, not slaves. They have been placed by this nation on reservations, and reservations are very much like prisons to these people who are so used to freedom. And the result has been that this independent, free, noble race has deteriorated until they are a caricature of what they were before they were placed on the reservation. I was here three times before this trip, and those three times have been the beginning of a new movement to me personally, and I might say to my race.

I first had my start, of course, on the land where I was born. I was born in the state of Wyoming. As I told my friends of Columbus from this platform before, I was born on Goose Creek, and I looked up Goose Creek on the map of Wyoming and I saw that there were two branches of Goose Creek; one was called Little, and the other Big Goose, and I don't know on which I was born, but the Indians told me I was born on Goose Creek; my wife suggests that it must have been the Big Goose.

I have gotten my start here, as it were. When I first visited Columbus I came here as a boy of about 7 years of age. At that time I could not speak a word of English. I knew "yes" and "no," and sometimes I put them in the wrong place. I used the sign language to make my wants known at that time. The sign language is a universal language among the Western tribes among the mountains and plains, and it is so natural and simple that anybody can learn it in a short time. A white man married an Indian woman one time, and learned this language from the Indians. He says it is so easy and so natural that anybody could learn it; even a bear could understand it. Why, I said, Frank, how do you make that out? "Why," he said, I went out hunting one day and I saw a bear, a silver tip, and I wounded him, and it displeased him and he took after me and I dropped my gun under a tree and climbed the tree. He

*President of the Society of American Indians. An address delivered at the convention of the Anti-saloon League of America, Columbus, Ohio, Nov., 10-13-1913.

came to where I was and picked up the gun, turned it over, looked at it, smelled it; finally he picked it up and cocked it and pointed it at the tree and pulled the trigger, but it didn't go off. He threw open the chamber and looked at me."

What has that got to do with whiskey? It has this much to do with it. I went to New York and went to school there as a boy and learned the message of the gospel as we find it in the Bible. After I had attended the Presbyterian Sunday school a while I came away from the boarding school and my friends asked me: "What are you going to be when you get to be a man?" "Why," I said, "I am going to be a minister and take the message of the Bible to my people." They smiled and said: "Why, Sherman, who put that into your head?" I said: "No one." While I was playing in the streets of New York there came news from the Pacific Coast that General Canby and Dr. Thomas were massacred by the Modocks among the lava beds, and the cry went in the newspapers throughout the city and throughout the country to exterminate the Indians. I knew then that the Indians did not understand the whites, and the whites did not understand the Indians, and that I did not think it was right to exterminate the Indians. I had lived several years among them as a child, and I knew them to be a peaceable and peaceloving people. I knew there were Indians who were friendly to the whites and whites who were friendly to Indians, and I also knew that there were a great many good white people, especially in the East. Many of those in the West were not of the best class of the white race. I made up my mind then that I would devote my life not only to preaching the Bible to my people but also in trying to make those two races understand each other.

Several years had elapsed from the time of my first visit to Columbus—when I could speak only the sign language—to the time of my second visit, when I was asked to give an address before the students of the Department of Sociology and Economics at the Ohio State University, and for the same purpose two other Indians were called to this city. They were Dr. Carlos Montezuma and Dr. Charles A. Eastman.

Dr. Carlos Montezuma is a full-blood Apache, and was bought from a band of hostile Indians by a white man who brought Montezuma east, where he was educated. The Doctor has degrees from a university and a medical college in Chicago, and is now a highly respected physician practicing in that great city.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux, and now a resident of Amherst, Massachusetts, is also a graduate of a medical college and a graduate of Dartmouth College. He took advantage of an old, obsolete clause in the charter of that college, which required that college to educate free of charge every year an Indian youth. In this way he was able to get a college education.

During the Spanish-American War, while in Washington, D. C., on business for my people, I first met Dr. Charles Eastman and his brother John, who is a Presbyterian minister. We went to President McKinley, who was a very busy man at that time, with a proposition which we thought would give the Indians a better education. We asked for a better standardization of our school system. The President listened to us and assured us that he would do everything he could to bring about what we desired. It was while we were in Washington that we three Indians talked of the great good that could be derived by forming an organization of Indians for Indians, but it was too soon then.

Several years later Dr. Charles Eastman, Dr. Montezuma, several others, and myself met in that city for the purpose of forming an organization which is now called The Society of American Indians, and I am proud to wear its badge. It is a badge with an eagle. The tribes call it the "thunder bird." It was universally believed in by the Indians, and it was dug up in one of the mounds of Illinois. It was engraved by our forefathers. We don't know whether it was done centuries ago or thousands of years ago, but we adopted it because it was so universal.

Now that society is working for the uplift and welfare of the race, and their motto is, "For the honor of the race and the good of the country," and everything must be subservient to that motto.

My friends, the Indians are human beings. It took a long time for the American people to find that out, it seems to me, but finally they found it out and made a law in 1887 by which an Indian can become a citizen of the United States. These Indians and their white friends have formed this organization to redeem the race and to serve, whenever they can, all humanity. They have formed this organization and they are making and writing a new history. We wish to avoid the errors and mistakes of our forefathers.

Three centuries of irrepressible conflict have been going on, three miserable centuries, and, my friends, I read yesterday that all

these troubles came from the white man—they came directly or indirectly through liquor.

Red Jacket, when he was talking to Christian missionaries, said among other things that "The white man brought liquor among us. It was strong and horrible and has slain thousands." It was true at that time; it had slain thousands, and it has been true from that time to this. It has slain thousands of this noble race. It seems that the white man was not content to take away our country and our land, our firesides and our homes, but they must also try to exterminate us with this demon of the centuries, this one great curse of mankind.

My friends, I have felt that I was free and independent; that I was strong and could regulate myself and my life, and I believed that I could use this beverage without hurting myself, and I have used it very, very moderately. I thought I had a right to do it, but I don't think so any more.

This is my maiden effort at temperance speaking. This is the first time I have joined the forces of temperance, and I mean to stay that way. There is a citizen among you by the name of Johnson who is responsible for this.

My friends, whiskey, if it is bad for the Indian, is also bad for the white man. They have legislated to prevent the whites from selling or giving or bartering whiskey or liquor to the Indians. All this time the Government has had that law, as far back as I can remember. Why, when I was 10 years old—oh, less than that, I was only 7 years old—I saw a man in Montana in 1870 at the Crow Indian Agency, in the southern part of Montana, who was there to suppress the liquor traffic. He told me it was hard work to fight the liquor traffic in Montana, but he finally succeeded as a Government official and suppressed it and broke up the whisky ring at that reservation and at that agency.

Why, I remember when I first saw this beverage; when I first tasted it. My brother and some other young friends had a little, just a little, and they allowed me to taste just a little drop. It was a curiosity. It has ceased to be a curiosity and has become a curse to my people.

From a civil and political standpoint, I have helped to start a movement to redeem my race in forming the Society of American Indians, and I am glad to come here and start in another movement to help suppress the liquor traffic among my people.

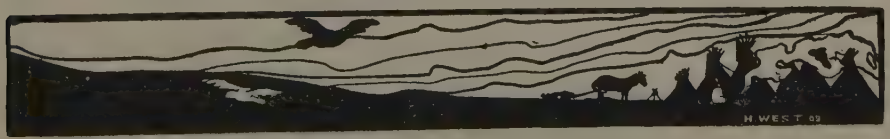
One thing we are trying to do to uplift the Indians is to revive and cherish race pride, pride of origin. If a people does not have this, it will become dispirited and progress is impossible, and if liquor is brought among the Indians they will become a menace to their ten million territorial neighbors, the whites or whoever they may be.

No diseased or drunken people, no diseased or drunken race can develop, and we want the Indians to become efficient, peaceable citizens of these United States.

So, my friends, I am here to help you to redeem the past and to join, in a small and humble way, this tremendous movement not only for home and country and for God, but also that we may redeem this race, one of the great races of this world, that has been looked upon as a vanishing race. There are three hundred thousand Indians who are living in this country, and we want them to have a chance, and they will take the Anti-Saloon League platform, or any other platform, shoulder to shoulder with you and march on for progress or anything that is for the betterment of mankind.

One boy in a public school was asked: "How did it happen that you got ahead in your conduct prize, got ahead of your friend Sammy Jones?" "Why," he said, "I am half Indian. I am just that much ahead of Sammy Jones." That is the kind of spirit we want revived among the Indians.

A Chinaman speaking in Minneapolis the other day said: "You must eradicate whiskey from your land if you want to preserve manhood and womanhood in America." And I heard the other day that there was a man in China who came down through the country shaking hands with everybody, smiling, and he seemed to know everybody and had plenty of money. He said that "You missionaries will drive out opium from China. We are going to replace it with whiskey; we are going to make China the greatest whiskey market in the world." Shame upon such manhood as is shown by such a statement. Some people must profit by the weaknesses, the follies and depravities of their fellow-men. God help such men, and God help us to help them and drive out this curse.



Assistant Commissioner Meritt on the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic among Indians:

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER MERITT has always been a consistent and strenuous advocate of the suppression of the liquor traffic among Indians. While serving as the Chief Law Clerk of the Indian Bureau, which position he held for several years, he always was most liberal in his construction of laws relating to this subject and never permitted technicalities to interfere in going after the bootlegger. Mr. Meritt's splendid work before the committees of Congress in connection with the appropriation for this branch of the Indian Service, as well as the general Indian appropriations, is too well known to require further comment here. The following is an extract from one of his speeches before the Mohonk Conference, which is an expression of his views on this important subject:

> There should be the strictest enforcement of the Federal laws regarding the suppression of the liquor traffic among Indians, notwithstanding the political influence of the offenders. The average Indian of this country cannot be too carefully protected from his greatest weakness and worst enemy, intoxicating liquor, with its accompanying depravity and poverty. Liquor is too frequently the ally of the grafter and the contemptible white criminal who robs and ruins helpless Indians. Any man who sells or gives intoxicating liquor to Indians should be sent to the penitentiary regardless of his social standing or political influence.

HON. EDGAR B. MERITT
Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs

WHERE THE NEZ PERCES VOTED DRY

A Prosperous Settlement of These Indians, Surrounded by Rich Agricultural, Stock, and Fruit Lands

The Rise and Fall of King Alcohol in the Nez Perce Indian Country:

By Miss Kate C. McBeth and Miss Mazie Crawford.*

ABOUT twenty years ago, very soon after the allotment of the Nez Perce Reservation, when each Nez Perce Indian was given the required number of acres of land, (in 1893), three commissioners from Washington, D. C., came on to treat with the Nez Perces for the surplus land on the reservation in order to throw it open for white settlers.

If those commissioners expected to come in and sway the Indians with their wisdom and in a short time get their signatures to that treaty, they soon found they were mistaken. They, with the Nez Perces, were gathered in a council around the agency. The commissioners used all their pursuasive powers in presenting their arguments as to why the reservation should be opened, but the Nez Perces always met them with the one objection, "As soon as the reservation is opened, the white man will bring his saloon in among our people to destroy them." Most attractive inducements were offered and a whole week passed without making the least progress. The Nez Perces saw nothing but the evils of the liquor traffic and were unmoved by anything else, and it was only after a prohibitory clause was inserted in the treaty that they were able to get the Nez Perces to sign it. A year and a half later the reservation was thrown open, and the white settlers soon took up the vacant land. Some years rolled away, the Government in the best way possible protecting the Nez Perces, it being an offense to even bring liquor on the reservation. We had the bootlegger, of course, but he was soon made to lead an uncomfort-

*Miss McBeth has been doing unusually successful missionary work among the Nez Perces for more than thirty years. Miss Crawford is her niece and able assistant.

THE Hotchkiss and the Gatling gun were to the Indians in war instruments of mercy as compared with the "booze bottle" in these piping times of peace.

O. H. L.

able existence. Yet, in spite of that, how often we heard that old time-worn statement from white people, "Oh, the well-regulated saloon would be so much better than the-low down bootlegger."

About the year 1905 a man by the name of Dick was arrested, tried, and convicted for introducing liquor into Indian country. The case was appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco and that court rendered a decision to the effect that the Nez Perces were not now wards of the Government, but citizens of the United States, and that the prohibitory clause in the treaty could not be made to apply to them; that they had now all the rights of citizens. This meant that the right to have the saloon in their midst was to be forced upon them. At once more than thirty saloons sprang up in different parts of the reservation. If anyone has any doubt as to the whether the so-called regulated saloon is better than the bootlegger, I hope he will not have to go through our experience to be convinced. The drunkenness that increased and the wickedness that seemed to be just let loose was dreadful, and it was no worse among the Indians than among the whites. White settlers would come in with loaded wagons, tie their horses to the fence, and spend the day and perhaps the night in the saloon.

The Dick case was carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, and in February, 1907, after consuming two and a half years' time, (meanwhile the saloon keeper was allowed to ply his trade), a decision upholding the treaty was reached and the order came to Superintendent O. H. Lipps to order all violators off the reservation and prosecute all offenders thereafter. Some of them telephoned to the agency, asking how long they would be allowed to settle up and make their exit, and the answer went back, "No time at all; get out at once."

But it was hard to break up the nests that had been so well established, and bootleggers seemed to be working overtime until a few months later some United States detectives, under W. E. Johnson, came in here presumably to buy land. They spent several weeks getting acquainted with the situation, and then with the help of our good superintendent and his Indian police, made a simultaneous raid in seven different places on the reservation, caught large numbers of offenders in their net, and seized and confiscated many gallons of whisky. We still have the bootlegger to some extent, but with the protection of the Government, the strong temperance

sentiment in the Nez Perce Indian churches, and with Nez Perce County dry, King Alcohol finds his power almost a thing of the past.

How the Nez Perces Voted Dry.

THE Nez Perces have always taken a decided stand against all forms of intemperance and a temperance meeting is given a place in their regular church services, holding it every second Sabbath. Below is a little account of a county local-option election, held in March, 1912, and the part the Nez Perces took in it, which may be interesting to your readers.

Nez Perce County voted dry four years ago, and Lewiston, the county seat, tried to play the same old game of not enforcing the law, but, aside from that, this time the conditions were radically different. Then Nez Perce County was a great stretch of territory almost equal to some States, with its miles and miles of the richest grain-producing soil, timbered mountains, and mining regions.

During the last ten years the northern and eastern parts of the county have been asking for county division, because of the long distances to travel, fifty or sixty miles, to Lewiston, the only large town, which is situated in the extreme northwestern corner of the county and only the Snake River separating it from the State of Washington. But just as often as the subject of county division was brought up in the legislature, just as promptly Lewiston sent men to Boise to fight the measure.

It came up year after year with the same result until after the county voted dry four years ago, and then the liquor men of Lewiston saw that their only hope of ever getting in control again lay in county division, and they sent their lobbyists to Boise to put through the measure they had been fighting for years. It was announced in a short time that grand old Nez Perce County had been divided, and a thirty-five mile stretch of the finest grain-raising prairie had been given to the new Lewis County, while the timber and mining land was called Clearwater County, leaving Nez Perce with the smallest possible territory outside of the borders of Lewiston, and almost the same amount of expense to keep up, with a very much reduced population. Of course, the taxes must be increased and there was quite a stir among the farmers when they found out that the increased rates were enormous. You can imagine their in-

dignation when they began to look up the tax records and found out that there was little or no increase and sometimes a reduction in the taxes of the large property holders of Lewiston, with the wets getting all the favors and the drys, mostly white farmers, left to foot the bills.

The liquor men, feeling sure of their ground, began to agitate another local-option election. The drys fought it because of the added expense to the county, and then they were not quite sure of results, but the commissioners were wet sympathizers and called the election for March 13, 1912, appointing wet registrars and as far as possible wet election boards, and it looked as though they would have everything their own way.

The drys saved their ammunition for the last ten days, and during that time fought fierce and fast. The farmers had their war paint on, and although it was a busy season when they were plowing for tne spring sowing, some of them got out as speakers, others rode the country to get every voter out to register, and even the women did some good work.

Lewiston had not counted on the Indian vote, but the Nez Perces have all the rights of citizens and when it comes to fighting the saloon they are only too glad to avail themselves of the privilege, and one dosen't have to have any argument with an Indian to make him see that whisky is an evil. Even the heathen understand the danger of "fire water," and the drinker wants it put beyond his reach. All they ask is to know how and when to help. In church, committees were appointed to look after certain districts and get the voters—men and women—out to register, and they came in by the wagon loads through rain and mud to "write their names." In some cases the wet registrars tried to bluff the Indians out of registering, for well they knew that every one meant a dry vote, but they didn't succeed.

Election day dawned bright and clear and the battle began. We are within reach of two precincts; we vote in Sweetwater, but the church with a large percentage of Indian voters is in Spalding precinct. The wets had worded the ballot to confuse the minds of those not on the alert and hoped to gain twenty per cent of the votes by mistake. But we had sample ballots, and it was explained in church and at every other opportunity, and the old people who could not read were told just where to put their mark. One

young man made ballots and put four or five old women through the form of voting so often that one of them said afterward, "I wasn't a bit troubled when I went in to vote; I think I could have done it in my sleep."

We went to Sweetwater in the forenoon and stayed until most of the Indians had voted. We were dead in earnest about the work we had to do there, but I surely had a lot of fun, too. I voted, and just as I came out four or five Indian women were going in, and I unthinkingly tried to help the election board out by telling them some of the Indian names, but a "wet" man soon called out, "I object to Miss Crawford acting as interpreter." I laughed and hustled myself out before the constable could get after me.

A little later one of our good old women with an Indian name, He-yo-ma-ka-ma-lats, went in with her grand daughter, both wanting to vote. When the older woman told her name—of course it was hard to understand—and the younger woman tried to make it plain to them, up bobbed the "wet" man again and the young woman was put out; and still the judges searched the books for the name. I stood outside laughing, but at the same time with my eyes flashing and I said to some one, "That woman is legally registered and is going to vote, and if they refuse to have an interpreter that is their loss, and it is up to them to find that name, for I know it is there on the books." Inside the search went on, and at last some one came out and had me write it down and a little later called me in to identify the woman and the name.

Another old woman who had been well drilled on the ballot beforehand voted, and as she was coming out met another woman who didn't understand so well and asked for some information, when up rose the objector again and the woman who knew how was hustled off, but while still within hearing she called out in the Nez Perce language, which none of the judges understood, "Put the mark on the left side." And now all the Indians are having a good laugh at the way Im-na-wa-kin-mi had of getting ahead of them.

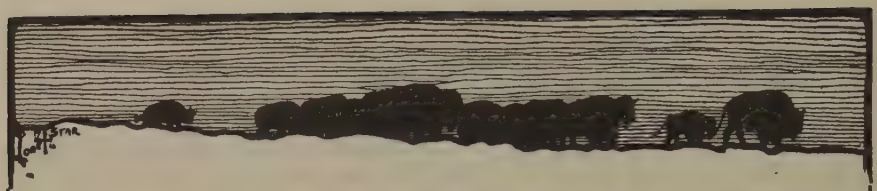
We went to Spalding in the afternoon, where they were holding prayer meeting in the church. All day we had seen wagon load after wagon load of good farmer folks, old men and young men, old women and those with babies and children, walking up to the polls to register their protest against the saloon, and it made one

believe more in humanity and be more hopeful for the county, state, and nation.

By nine o'clock that night the returns were all in, and Lewiston's wet majority of 661 was overcome with a majority of about 200 in favor of the drys. The next day we managed to keep from exulting over some of our "wet" white neighbors, but dry folks wore smiles that wouldn't rub off. Then the Lewiston paper came out and said it was Indians and women that defeated them, and that the Indian should not have the right of suffrage and talked of contesting the election on that ground, but we were not afraid of them carrying out their threats. It was only the wail of the fallen enemy. Nez Perce County is still dry and will remain so.

THE reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greater, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Days That Are Gone Forever*

By Judge Geo. W. Atkinson, M. A., Ph. D.

AMONG the pines the River Elk is roaring,
And o'er the rocks the waves revel beneath the sun;
Far up the hills the turkeys and the deer are roaming,
Where hunters chase their game, till day is done.

The rain o'er rocks and vales is falling gently,
With veil of mist the mountain sides are hid from view;
While the prisms of the rain-bow span the emerald valley,
And dark the sky with beauties ever new.

Flows on the Elk, its crystal spray 'mid gorges falling,
As sentinels each crag the murmuring stream doth spurn;
Hark! hear the birds above the valley calling—
Those primeval scenes, alas! shall ne'er return.

The Indian's home was these primeval forests,
'Mid which he roamed unharmed by hungry whites;
Yet soon across the wilds they came like pirates
For conquest, and the Red man's sacred rights.

With tomahawk and bow their braves heroic
Against the "Pale Face" waged unequal war;
To cruel fate they yielded like the Stoic,
With tribal remnants scattered wide and far.

*Written many years ago when the writer lived in the Elk River Valley, West Va., a place at one time noted for its many Indian inhabitants.

When braves, and maidens tall and lithe and swarthy,
Thus saw resistless Empire sweeping toward the west,
Their wigwams struck, and sullen, sad and stealthy
Began their fruitless search for peace and rest.

Commending all to the Great Spirit's keeping,
Long years they followed their Chief's behest
Thro' trackless plains and forests, ever seeking
Their long lost "Alabama, here we rest."

Now there's little left of those gloomy days of sorrow,
Save the ghosts that haunt those ancient, weary ways
Of Chief and squaw, who hoped for better things to-morrow,
On hunting grounds to sing their native forest lays.

And never again beside these dashing fountains
Shall the Red man's bed of skins and furs be spread;
Nor shall he roam among these lofty mountains
And wakeful list the White man's stealthy tread.

Alas! poor dusky maidens, waiting ever
Your warrior friends, the braves, among the dead!
They sleep on hill and valley wide; and never
Again on your piteous call shall heed.

So to their fate as "braves" they yielded calmly;
Their tents they pitched on happier hunting grounds,
And 'mid far western hills as a united family,
Their warriors sleep beneath peculiar Indian mounds.

They sleep the sleep that knows no earthly waking,
Their rights they knew were trampled beneath the sod;
To superior force they yielded at the White man's making,
And they leave it all to him and to his God.

Intemperance a National Vice:

By Hon. Gabe E. Parker, Register U. S. Treasury.

ALCOHOL as a beverage in any form and quantity is a private and a public danger. It is enticing in its cunning and inexorable in its demands; deceptive in its nature and deadly in its operations. Even a small amount reduces the capacity for work and deteriorates the quality of service. Under its influence perception is diminished and intellectual power is weakened; personal responsibility is disregarded and the moral standard is lowered. Physical depravity and mental decay are its product and heritage for the future. "Unto the third and fourth generation" social discord and civic distress follow its footsteps.

Intemperance is a vice of tremendous power and extended influence. Implanting its venom in every fiber of its victim it binds with hoops of steel its citadel of power and calls with a thousand voices for reinforcements to make itself supreme. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, all alike are subjects of its desires; and, if beguiled, each alike is condemned to distress and despair. Its pathway is strewn with crime and misery; its habitation is filled with disease and death. It destroys wealth and mocks poverty; unbalances the mind and scoffs at insanity; corrupts youth and disgraces old age. By its design physical and moral degeneracy is transmitted to posterity, spreading and increasing the horrors of vice and disease, profoundly effecting the integrity and security of society itself. The elements and supports of civilization are infected and the welfare of the state is in jeopardy. The present demands and the future requires that the dangers of intemperance and the stupidity of a vice that can bring only misfortune shall be removed.

The saloon and its accessories are ever a serious social evil. President Lincoln says: "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. It must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind; for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink." The influences of the saloon destroy self-respect

---

•Mr. Parker, himself a Choctaw Indian, was for several years Superintendent of one of the splendid boarding schools maintained by the tribe for the education of Choctaw boys. He was appointed Register of the Treasury by President Wilson.

and prevent the growth of good society. Family ties are menaced, and blighted hopes, blasted ideals and stricken character are the bitter stings of remorse. The sancity of the home is invaded and the security of national safety is impaired. The downfall of nations in the past has been preceded by a reckless sundering of family ties. From 1887 to 1906, a period of twenty years, 900,584 divorces were granted in the United States, an annual average of 40,000. According to the testimony of the judges who legally sever the matrimonial bonds in the courts, more than two-thirds of the divorces are occasioned by the use of intoxicants. Twenty-six thousand American homes destroyed each year and many thousands more miserable and desolate! Even worse than divorce are the hereditary results of alcoholism. Investigation of the descendants of a drunkard named Max discloses: "Of 540 descendants, 280 were adult paupers, 140 were criminals and offenders of the worst sort, guilty of seven murders, theft, highway robbery, and nearly every other crime known in the calendar of crime. The estimated cost to the public for supporting this family was $1,308,000." It is clearly evident that society can not always survive if many of its citizens are drunkards, the majority of whose descendants are degenerates and charges upon the public. How long can the minority of the good compensate the evil of their brethren and maintain their share of an exalted moral and social civilization? We are apt to take consolation in the belief that we have few drunkards and that the number is growing less from year to year, which ought to be the case, but statistics tell us that the people of the United States consumed 2,128,452,226 gallons of liquor in 1912, for which they paid $1,702,701,780. In the face of these facts fond hopes are shattered by repeated tragedies of crime, poverty and misery.

Alcoholism is charged with being first in the production of crime and criminals. Judge Coleridge says: "There is scarcely a crime before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink." Archbishop Ireland says: "The great cause of social crime is drink. The great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up, I ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, Why do not men put a stop to this thing?" Ruskin says "The encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of the profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of

assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country." The people of the United States spend more annually for intoxicating liquors than for meat, iron and steel, lumber, cotton and woolen goods; four times more than for flour, boots and shoes; five times more than for public education and ten times more than for churches. A curse which corrupts manhood, destroys home corrodes society and enfeebles posterity, has no defense at the feet of justice and should have no place at the shrine of civilized humanity. A private disease, a public malady, an eternal condemnation, is strong drink. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red * * * At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," comes to us from the past as a warning from millions of broken hearts and famished souls, still we manufacture the curse, legalize the crime and spread the disease.

Everywhere we are surrounded by the elements of success. Opportunities for achievement are always at hand. The world is full of possibilities of accomplishment and advancement. A healthy body, an active mind and a wholesome purpose combined in one person, present the image of God and the hope of humanity. The problem of life is a task of adjusting and combating forces. The forces of good and of evil are in constant warfare in our lives for supremacy. The mastery of good means success; the mastery of the evil means failure. We owe it to ourselves, our fellows and our Creator to marshal the forces of good into harmonious and concerted action against the evil. Victory cannot be won in a single battle, but from day to day and from year to year as long as we live constant vigilance and incessant action must be the motto. The strife may be long and the contest hazardous, but the reward for victory is bountiful and eternal. To each of us it is given once to live his own life, but who can tell how many times it is given us to live in the lives of others? Not that we are important, but that it is God's way that we shall be " our brother's keeper." The world is for all of us and it is what all of us make it. It would be well for us to remember:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Some Indians I Have Known:

Ke-shi-ash (He Who Sails Very Fast):

*By J. A. Gilfillan.**

THE Government blacksmith at Leech Lake Agency (Minnesota) back in the eighties was Ke-shi-ash, a full-blood Ojibway, who resided with his family in one of the agency houses. He was a Christian when I first knew him, having became so under the Congregational missionaries, I believe, but nothing more of his previous history was known. During the years of our acquaintance he led a devout life, and by his actions set a good example to all who knew him. His blacksmith shop was frequently the gathering place of his brothers, the pagan Ojibways. The subjects of their conversations and their language were often distasteful to Ke-shi-ash. He once said, "If they had been talking English, it would not have mattered to me, for then I would not have understood them, but it was in my own Ojibway, so I could not help but hear what they said." But he never let such an incident go by without kindly calling their attention to it, showing them the harm and teaching them the right use of their gift of speech. Thus he was always the faithful servant of his Master and served Him daily right there in his blacksmith shop. Often times, also, those who entered would notice that while he was beating the red-hot iron and the sparks were flying from the anvil, he would frequently look up and pray, giving thanks to God. So during the years I knew him, he thus lived with God, in his blacksmith shop, in his home, everywhere.

In the weekly devotional meetings held at the homes of Christian Indians he was always present. There was one text above all others which he dwelt upon. It was, "Behold, I come quickly, and lo! my reward with Me is to give to every man according to what

*From an uncorrected manuscript submitted to the Red Man by Rev. Gilfillan several years ago and revised by the Instructor in Printing.

his work shall be." "Now, my friend," he would say, "what better do you want than that? Don't you hear Him say that He is bringing a reward with Him for every one who will do His will, who will live as He wants him to live?" This idea of the Saviour bringing a reward with Him to give to each one seemed to have struck him, for he always spoke of it, and thus it was truly his favorite subject.

In course of time this good man fell sick. The Government physician went to him, but was unable to give him relief. I sometimes saw him on my visits to Leech Lake. He was then lying in bed and was very weak. He said that if it were the Lord's will he would like to get well, but otherwise he was satisfied. At last the news came that he had died and later I called on his widow to offer my condolence. She met me at the door, but before I could say anything she told me this: "Oh, but he died a blessed death. When he found his feet and limbs getting cold he called his children around him and said, "My children, I am going to leave you, and, my children, I do not leave you silver or gold, and if I left you this house full of silver and gold it would soon all be spent, but I leave you, my children, what you will never be able to spend, the Love and the Fear of God." Then he bade them all an affectionate good-bye and also his brother, a pagan Indian, who was present. When he found himself growing colder he began to sing an Ojibway hymn in a cheerful tune; it was, as I remember, "Jesus, My all to Heaven Is Gone." After that he fell into a dose which lasted for some time. All at once he started up with an exclamation of surprise. 'Why,' said he, 'He is standing very near.' His brother, the pagan man, asked, 'Who is standing near?' He told them it was the Saviour, mentioning the sacred name of Jesus. When he said that his soul left the body."

The Savior tells us that angels came to carry the soul of Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, but here He, Himself, condescended to come and stand by the dying bed of His faithful servant, and enabled him, while yet alive, to tell others that He was there and that he saw Him. Instead of angels to carry his soul, like Lazarus, He, Himself, was there to receive if from the poor, dying body and to carry it through a vast and wondering air to the abodes of the blessed.

The poor blacksmith served Him in life by faith, and He was visible to him in the hour of death.

Why I Changed Front on the Liquor Question:*

By Ex-Governor M. R. Patterson of Tennessee.

THE Anti-Saloon League and I have not always been friends. The paths we traveled were wide apart. They seemed so parallel that it looked incredible they should ever meet. The path I traveled turned in its course. It ran into the other, and we now find ourselves in the same road, marching in the same direction, under the same flag, actuated by the same desire to destroy the traffic in liquor and redeem a Nation from its curse.

The mountain would not come to Mahomet, so Mahomet has come to the mountain.

I am aware that to have suddenly changed the views of mature manhood, which I once asserted and proclaimed from one end of Tennessee to the other, has excited surprise and provoked comment. But this is a world of change. Stagnation is decay, and progress is the command of the age and the hope of mortality. I am neither ashamed nor abashed to stand before this great audience and acknowledge the wrong, when I once advocated policies which would have made legal a trade which I have come to look upon as having no rightful place in the scheme and economy of Christian civilization

Let me relate some facts and experiences in my life, and leave the causes which have brought this change about to your own opinions. I grew up in the city of Memphis where saloons were numerous and regarded as fixed and permanent institutions. I cannot remember to have ever heard of any movement to close them or re-

* An address delivered at the jubilee convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, held at Columbus, Ohio, November 10-13, 1913. Reprinted from the American Patriot.

call any speech or newspaper article attacking them. I became a lawyer, was elected prosecuting attorney of the district and, during my incumbency, saloons were open and licensed under the law, and were without restriction as to number. I was afterwards sent to Congress, where I served six years. At this time liquor was openly sold in the restaurants of both wings of the Capitol. The convenience and comfort with which intoxicating drink could be obtained often interfered with my own attendance, that of other members, and distracted attention from the duties of our representation.

While serving in Congress, I became a candidate for governor of Tennessee, and took a position on the liquor question in the first speech I made from which I never deviated throughout my official career. At that time it was pleasing to many of the temperance people of our State, for I favored the right of communities to vote liquor out if they so desired, and pledged myself, if elected governor, to carry into effect the will of such communities, and this pledge was performed to the letter. I stated that I did not believe in compulsory State-wide Prohibition, and if the legislature should pass such a bill I would veto it; and this promise was also performed. I prepared a careful message and sent it to the legislature, setting forth my veiws and expressing the opinion that Prohibition as a government policy was fundamentally wrong. I thought that such a law would result in multiplying the evils of the liquor traffic instead of correcting them and holding them in check. This message was the product of my best thought and sincerity of purpose. It was the child of my brain in which I took pride. It was published in the press of Tennessee, also in other States, and commented upon, either favorably or adversely, as the writers might differ. It has been circulated as campaign material, published in liquor journals and in books, and used as arguments by those who were contesting the advance of the Prohibition sentiment. I say to you, fully conscious of the meaning and responsibility of the declaration, that if this message has encouraged lawlessness or even been sought as a refuge for violators of the law, if it had to stand as my last expression on the liquor question, I would consume it in the living fires and erase it forever from the minds and memories of men.

My life has had deep sorrows. My soul has been tossed on the waves of angry seas. My nature has been profoundly touched and stirred. I have seen the trail of liquor in the criminal courts

where I have prosecuted crime. I know and have been a participant in its paralyzing and corroding influence in the social and public life of our National Capital. As the governor of Tennessee, I have seen it a veritable and raging center of storm around which gathered its defenders and assailants, and from which sprang divisions in parties, disputes in families, and dissensions in churches.

Going through life I have seen it drag down many of the associates of my boyhood, blasting their hopes and consigning them to untimely graves. I have seen its forked lightning strike my first-born—the child of my young manhood, and I have borne with him the suffering and tried to help him in his brave but sometimes melancholy struggle for redemption. At last I have felt its foul and stealthy blow as it turned upon me in its deadly and shaming wrath—upon me who had plead before the people for its very existence. Men have called me strong; and while I could see its harm in others, I thought myself immune, as thousands before my time have thought, and suffered for the thought.

All this I knew and felt without a revelation of the deep pathos and meaning of it all. I needed help, for I was groping and my feet were stumbling in the dark. Deep in humiliation, tortured and condemned in my own esteem, which is the severest penalty a man may inflict upon himself, I thought of the oft-repeated phrases about personal liberty, of the power of the human will to resist temptation, with which I had beguiled myself, and I found them as unsubstantial as the fabric of a dream.

When logic failed and reason gave no answer, I cast aside all pride of opinion, all thought of what the world might say or think, and went to the throne of Almighty God. There, on bended knees, I asked for light and strength, and they came. The curtains of the night parted, and the way was clear. I arose a changed man. An invisible hand has led me on to where the vision is unobscured, and the purposes of life stand revealed. From a critic of others, I looked within. From an accuser, I became a servant in my own house to set it in order. From a vague believer in the guidance of Divine power, I have become a convert to its infinite truth. From an unhappy and dissatisfied man, out of tune with the harmony of life and religion, I have become happy and content, firmly anchored in faith and ready to testify from my own experience to the miraculous power of God to cleanse the souls of men.

Out of this has come the profound conviction that on the question with which I had to deal in my public career, all my arguments and all my conclusions, so far as they excused or justified the moral right or policy of the State to legalize the sale of liquor, and thereby gave sanction to its ravages on society, were only the empty and hopeless statements of propositions which had no verity or application to a thing wholly and essentially evil, and concerning which no principle, or right, or order, or liberty should ever be evoked for its existence.

I do not mean to undervalue character and resistance as elements of personal safety; but I do mean the time will come somewhere in the life of every man who has delusions of his security against the insidiousness and fearful grip of liquor, when the sentinels of duty will sleep and the strongholds of manhood will be invested and captured by the enemy.

No State licenses brothels or gaming. All laws condemn them. No man defends them, yet they have more reason for their existence than the licensed saloon, which breeds and supports them, for the saloon stands in all its enormity as the open, inviting, convenient and flagrant expression of a desire which is not only acquired but which represents nothing but waste in its acquisition.

Some men drink liquor who never get drunk, but may get drunk. Some men drink it who occasionaly get drunk. Others drink it who always get drunk. Civilized society can offer no excuse for the temptation which it sets before humanity, for in itself and of itself drunkenness is a sin without a reason, a degrading crime without a recompense, a promoter and a prolific breeder of other sins and crimes which sap the strength and wealth of men and nations. Abstinence is therefore the only guarantee of safety, and the destruction of the liquor traffic is the only guarantee of abstinence.

Character and the Drink Habit.

At one time I thought of the drink habit in a different way than now; not that I ever advocated it, but supposing the means of indulgence would always be in reach and that liquor would exist and be used in spite of the law, I said:

"The use or nonuse of liquor should be left to the individual."

"Character in the individual is not made by Prohibition or the withdrawal of temptation, but by resistance to temptation."

I said also:

"The commandments of God forbid the doing of certain things, but his creatures have the election to keep or break these commandments."

"Reward comes to those who observe them, and punishment to those who do not."

These statements in themselves are all in a measure true. They were accepted, and will be by many who think now as I thought then of the liquor traffic; but they fail in application and meaning to me and to all others who have reached the conclusion that the greatest interests of humanity require that this traffic shall not be perpetuated by the law, but that it can and should be destroyed by the law. Then, too, I am not sure that if God tempts at all. He sets temptation before men only to try them; but it is certain that man himself creates most of his own temptations. The one of liquor, as it is non-existent in a state of nature, must be regarded, as it is, the sole handiwork of man himself, and it stands like Satan upon a proud eminence as the most useless, the most used and abused, the surest and most malevolent invention which man has ever yet devised for his own destruction. Those who expect their characters to strengthen and expand in the proportion as they resist temptations will still have enough for the exercise of all the will power they possess, for there are others which we cannot control by law and which beset us all in our journey through life from the cradle to the grave.

Saloons.

The link between the saloon and the brothel is a beaten path, and the saloon stands below as the promoter and supporter of the gambling room above. None know the truth of this with as much certainty of information as the saloonkeepers themselves, and none would be more opposed to the liquor traffic if they did not depend upon it, or think they depended upon it, for their support.

It is not necessary to treat them as outcasts, for they are the product of conditions, and there are many men in the liquor business who not only possess intelligence but have kindly impulse, and in some other calling would become respectable and productive citizens, but while engaged in their present occupation they must bear the odium and ill-fame which attaches to it.

The saloon is sometimes spoken of by its advocates as the

THE evil result of the liquor traffic among Indians is a matter of grave concern to the white citizens of the country, both for the reason that they are properly interested in the uplift of the red man, and for the further reason that the impoverishment of the Indian means that he will ultimately become a charge upon the tax payers of the several States

COMMISSIONER SELLS

HON. GABE E. PARKER
Register of United States Treasury

REV. SHERMAN COOLIDGE
President of the Society of American Indians

"Poor Man's Club," and this cheap appeal has been made to the laboring man for his support; but this is a reflection upon his intelligence, his purpose in life and his value to society; for the laboring man's clubs are his lodge and his home, and the laboring man's assets are his health and efficiency, to all of which the saloon is an avowed and open enemy.

The saloon cannot produce one veracious witness in its favor as it stands indicted before the bar of public opinion. Its guilt has been shown by an overwhelming accumulation of direct and circumstantial proof, which admits of no doubt, and by its own confession.

It stands a convicted felon, and must receive the sentence of the law. It must go never to return, and, with the going of the saloon, liquor itself should go.

"Prohibition Does Not Prohibit."

It has also been said that Prohibition does not prohibit, and I have said it many times as a reason why a State law of this character should not be passed; and it is true that a law that will not be obeyed or respected should not be enacted. But the liquor traffic does not use this argument in good faith, and its real fear is that Prohibition will prohibit. It first evades the law and then asserts its own violation as the proof of failure.

But we must remember that no law enforces itself, and until an honest effort is made to enforce it, as was not done until recently in Tennessee, we have no means of judging its efficacy.

It has also been demonstrated that Prohibition will prohibit, and the more it prohibits the more it is respected by people who oppose it, and the more difficult it becomes to change it.

In treatment of this question by the States alone, a degree of failure need not be surprising or discouraging, and this may be expected so long as the Government recognizes liquor as a subject of commerce between the States. But such has been the growing power of public sentiment that the States, even without Federal aid, have scored great successes, and with it the victory will be complete.

I favor Prohibition in any form that will either reduce or destroy the liquor traffic. I favor personal-wide, town-wide, state-wide, nation-wide, and world-wide.

Property Rights—Wealth—Business—Personal Liberty.

We are told that in the destruction of the liquor traffic is involved the destruction of property rights, of ancient customs, of business

which the law has sustained and in which large sums of money are invested. I once thought this, but I now believe the argument thoroughly unsound; for the safety of the people must be supreme, and when particular property rights, ancient customs, or business are hostile to their peace and happiness, it is the duty of the State to destroy them for the public good and upon the ground of public necessity. The State has the power, and the only question is the necessity for its exercise.

The law treats the liquor traffic only as a privilege. The Government forbids the sale of liquor on Indian reservations. It is restricted in Washington. All the States hedge it about with limitations. Some of them have prohibitory laws, and everywhere the trade is looked upon with suspicion and distrust. This is true of no other business, and is the testimony of the law to its bad character. That the traffic submits to these restrictions, and would to others more stringent; that it is willing to surrender rights which any legitimate business would fight for; that it pays graft and suffers itself to be preyed upon by the harpies of the law is the testimony of its own confession of guilt.

We find, after the lapse of all these years, some of the same reasons now offered by the liquor traffic for a continuance of its privilege, which is not to feed its own property to the lion, but for its own lion to devour the lives and property of others.

If you were to ask me to show the sources of a nation's wealth, I would point you to the seas laden with food supplies, and which carry on their wave cargoes from shore to shore. I would point to the inland rivers. I would show you the treasures which grow upon the surface of the earth. I would go beneath its crust and there uncover the treasures of coal and iron and other minerals which civilized man must use. I would show you the earth itself and its products—the wheat, the barley and the corn, the fruit which hangs upon the trees and the cotton which bursts its tenement and whitens in the summer's sun. I would show you the sheep grazing on the hillsides and the cattle in the meadows and the fields. I would show you then the world's peoples who must be clothed and fed and which draw from the land and the sea the bread and the meat for their daily lives. These constitute the wealth of nations.

If I were asked to show you the signs of poverty and the forces of waste—the subtractors from the wealth and true economy of the

State, I would point you first of all to the open saloon—to the fiery products of the still-house, which scorch and burn. In Tennessee every community but the cities of Nashville, Chattanooga, and Memphis voluntarily voted liquor out, and the argument was always used that there would follow a depression in business; but the reverse has been true, and to-day there is not one of these communities that would vote for a return of the saloon.

The fear that business men and others sometimes entertain, that legitimate trade will suffer, has not been borne out by other localities, and what splendid results would come in a material way to have a saloonless nation and to divert an unproductive and wasteful force into waiting fields of enterprise. Taxation would fall, property would raise, and we would start upon an unexampled growth. If the man of commerce would exercise the same care and prudence in investigating the effect on business by Prohibition that he usually does on other questions which arise, he will be convinced that it will only hurt the business it is intended to hurt, and will aid all others.

But it is urged that no man shall tell us what we eat or drink—that it is an invasion of personal liberty by a meddling law. I have said and believed this, and I fear a sacred principle of government was misapplied to the base uses of the liquor traffic. It may be a personal right to take a drink if the liquor traffic exist; but it is not a personal right for the liquor traffic to exist.

It becomes very jealous of the preservation of personal liberty, and loudly it is invoked whenever the State proposes to outlaw its business. The answer of organized society is that it has a right to protect itself and its people up to the point of annihilation. The State interfers with personal rights when it puts a criminal in jail, when it holds a witness, when it condemns property for a public use; and it does not hesitate to perform any other act which the general welfare requires. The law interferes when it compels a man to cut the weeds on his premises, to lay a sidewalk, to connect with a sewer, when it compels him to cage a dangerous reptile or animal or muzzle his dog that goes upon the public street. Personal liberty is not thought to be invaded when the law forbids a citizen to maintain a nuisance, when it prohibits the sale of poisonous foods or drugs, when it forbids arson or theft. But the evils of alcohol are greater than all those combined. It is a fouler nuisance and

more deadly than an open sewer. It has claimed more victims than all the poisonous and death-producing drugs of the world since Socrates drank the cup of hemlock. It has destroyed more lives since Cleopatra put the asp in her bosom than all the insects that fly, all the reptiles that crawl, and all the savage beasts that roam the jungles and the wildwoods. It has stolen more men and women from the house of God than all the stolen booty of all the robbers since the impenitent thief died upon the cross, and it has burned more homes than all the torches of incendiaries since Nero fired the Eternal City.

Alcohol—Liquor As a Beverage.

Alcohol has its proper uses in the arts and in medicine, but as a protected and licensed article of commerce, and used as a beverage indiscriminately by the people, it should be treated as any other enemy to the public health and economy. It should be treated with even more vigor, for its sins are greater, and it is the most elusive and dangerous criminal we have. A child will instinctively turn from liquor, and if given it, its body will rebel and shudder at the unnatural administration. I don't believe anyone ever took the first drink as a wholly voluntary act, or that it was pleasant to the taste. The first drink I ever took was at an open bar on the invitation of some friends, and at the age of 20. I did not want it, but was asked to try it, and did so from the wish to appear companionable. This first drink almost nauseated me, and the thought came how any human being could crave it. The beginning was made, and after that I drank occasionally, as othere have done, whenever the humor or occasion arose. I was never an habitual drinker at any time in my life; but later on a craving would come at intervals, especially after fatigue, which I did not resist—when one drink would follow another in rapid succession, with the inevitable result of disordered nerves, lowered vitality, incapacity to act or think clearly, a consciousness of inferiority and a feeling of disgust. When I would compare the misery which was mine after a day or night of excessive drinking, I would gladly have paid any price in exchange for the fatigue of constant work, for I had to begin work again with the fatigue and the effects of drink combined.

Liquor has harmed a great many more than it did me; some less; but I have never known a man among my acquaintances who drank—and they have been many—that liquor did not injure; some

of them it ruined in health and purse, and a few of them it killed outright. My own experience with it is that it is a physical, mental and moral waste, without one benefit, whether used little or much, and I believe this is the general run of all other experiences.

I have assuredly no wish to exploit any folly of my own, or any false or humiliating position in which the use of liquor placed me, and I only say this much that I may reach the hearts of others or save some boy from the curse of intoxication.

The spirit of the toasts is that liquor will give us joy and drown our troubles. There never was a falser note struck on the chords of human life. Drink does not drown our troubles, it floats them. We may lock them in the closet of a night of debauchery and think we have forgotten them; but they come trooping forth in the gray dawn of the morning to mock and deride us. When the magic wand is withdrawn, the dreams have vanished—the bright illusions which our distemperd fancy pictured are gone—the castles have fallen; reality has come, and only the dull, cold ashes of regret remain.

If we have no sorrows, liquor creates them; if we have them it increases them and makes them harder to bear.

It blights the young man like lightning does the tree, and leaves him stripped of his heritage.

It takes from middle age ambition and hope, and robs old age of its serenity and peace.

It is the thief of character.

It turns men into monsters and women into harlots.

It invades the ballot box to corrupt it.

It weakens the administration of justice.

It is the polluted stream which mingles with the current of public affairs, and poisons all it touches.

Whenever it comes it brings a sorrow, and whenever it goes it leaves a remorse.

The American people must pay annually two billion dollars as the tribute which liquor exacts. They must maintain at enormous cost reformatories, rescue mission homes, asylums, jails and penitentiaries to take care of those it has stricken down.

Liquor dulls the edge of endeavor; it dethrones the reason; it enters and stains the cloisters of spirituality and becomes the foul and stealthy murderer of human souls.

If you would know more of its black and blighting record, look at the long, sad and dreary procession of its victims. Go to the courts and see the crimes it has caused and the criminals it has made.

Go to the prison and read the story of its tragedies in the listless eyes and hopeless faces behind the bars.

Go to the police stations and find the derelicts—the drift wood of humanity, as you see them moving and shuffling in the fear and cowardice of misspent lives.

Go to the divorce courts and hear the causes which dissolve the holy bonds of wedlock and send families adrift.

Go to the homes where the serpent has left its slimy trail on the lintels of the door.

Hear the oaths and curses, the revilings and imprecations from thickened tongues and maddened brains.

See the wife and mother, as she pales in terror, with a bruised and broken heart. See the children as they huddle and shiver in fright, like birds before the hunter's gun. See the sweet milk of concord sour and turn into the very broth of hell.

Liquor! liquor! how I hate it!

I hate it for what it has done for me and those I love!

I hate it for what it has done to others! to the state! and to my country!

I hate it with every fiber of my being—with every passion of my soul!

I hate it for the tears it has caused to flow, for the blood it has shed, for the homes and happiness it has wrecked, for the men and women it has ruined!

A Great Movement and Contest.

This century has a broad sweep of purpose which is carrying us on to a better and higher destiny. The Prohibition movement has been met and will be met by timid conservatism, which is satisfied with the present and fears innovation. There is a strong inclination in human nature to bear the ills we have rather than to flee to others that we know not of, to let well enough alone, to the ways of life are pleasant, and who are content with their own follow the beaten trail. This is especially true of those to whom condition and environment. But conservatism that does not change has never been a moving force in the world's progress. It is static,

unimaginative, unresponsive and indolent. It has never built a railroad, a steamboat or an airship. It has never invented a printing press, a sewing machine or a reaper. It has never freed a man in bondage. It has never discovered a new star in the heavens or a new continent upon the earth.

All the great reforms and reformers of the world have met and overcome obstructions. The early Christians suffered martyrdom because they clung to the cross. Galileo was imprisoned because he thought the sun and not the earth was the center of the solar system. Columbus was rebuked and jeered because he believed the earth was round and that there were unknown lands. Robert Emmett was hanged because he spoke of liberty for Ireland; and there were men in the Colonies who were opposed to the declaration of their own independence.

The cause of Prohibition, also, has had to make its way and will have to make its way against preconceived opinion, against contempt and ridicule, against all the forces of error, satisfied with itself and repugnant to change. But it will not stop, for it is right, and the right will prevail. It will go on in its forward march, making converts as it goes, overcoming every obstacle in its path until its complete and final triumph.

The great contest will soon be on, and one that ought to come for the Government to divorce ifself from all connection with and participation in the liquor traffic, and to destroy it by any method that will most effectually accomplish the result.

There have been many reforms that stand as the milestones of humanity's onward course; but the greatest and from which all others have come is found in the life of Him which began in the manger and ended on the cross. Jesus Christ stands at the beginning of modern civilization, and when He is forgotten, modern civilization will end. When He came upon earth Rome had reached the zenith of her splendor and was fast approaching the nadir of decay. The Romans had built the Coliseum, and had absorbed the learning and the arts of Egypt and of Greece. All the past contributed to the splendor of the imperial city, and lap of every nation had poured its treasures into her coffers. Its far-reaching grasp and power, the grandeur of its laws, its unbounded success, surpassed all others, and her eagles stretched their wings over every known sea and stood guard on every known land. But

licentiousness in grossest form pervaded her whole social system. Women were subjected to dishonor and indignities before a degraded populace. Human bodies were fed to animals in the ampitheater, and as the smoke arose from torn and bloody entrails, as fragrant odors to fierce nostrils, the cry of "Kill!" was heard, and mercy found no voice. The ancients had builded their temples carved in stone and worked in brass, had walked in the groves and communed in the temples, but in all their beautiful and significant mythologies, there was no hope beyond the grave. As the invisible germ of an egg will remain dormant and finally die, unless the forces of heat spring it into life, so the soul of man, unsatisfied with learning, power and sensualism, was waiting for the advent of Christ and the glow of His love to break the shell of a splendid materialism.

Jesus Christ appealed to man himself, and the awakening came. The germ developed, the shell was broken. The new life began, and from that day on the truths which this Man and Son of God taught have never died, but have grown and spread from age to age, from continent to continent. They do not belong to any sect or church, but are the property of all mankind. Their power is greater than all the eagles of Rome; stronger than every spoken word of every tongue and every thought of all the world's princes in the realm of mind. They are above change, and superior to time itself.

This is the great reformation which love and mercy have wrought upon the world.

The American Revolution was the greatest political reform the world has known; and the greatest reform which has been accomplished by the Republic itself was that of the freedom of slaves. It came after the country had been rocked to its very center, after millions of treasure had been spent and rivers of blood had been shed.

We who live in the South may have inherited some of the prejudices, but I believe we have many of the splendid virtues of our forefathers which made our section distinguished and great above the rest. A canker was eating into the heart of a splendid civilization, and it was the institution of human slavery. Once we thought of men who inveighed against it as the wilful destructionists of vested rights, and characterized them as intolerants and inter-

Standing, left to right—Mrs. Marie L. Baldwin, Chippewa, Clerk, Indian Office; Chas. E. Dagenett, Peoria, U. S. Supervisor, Indian Employment; Francis LaFlesche, Omaha, Ethnologist; W. J. Kershaw, Menominee, Attorney-at-Law; Rev. Sherman Coolidge, Arapaho, President, Society of American Indians; Hon. E. B. Meritt, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Thos. L. Sloan, Attorney-at-Law; Harold E. Bruce, Winnebago, Clerk, Indian Office; James W. Plake, Potawatomi, Clerk, Indian Office; Miss Lucile Parker, Choctaw, Clerk, Indian Office.

Sitting, left to right—D. H. Johnson, Chickasaw, Governor, Chickasaw Nation; Ruford Bond, Chickasaw, Tribal Attorney, Chickasaw Nation; Hon. Robert L. Owen, Cherokee, U. S. Senator; Hon. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; Hon. Chas. D. Carter, Chickasaw, Member of Congress; Hon. Gabe E. Parker, Choctaw, Registrar, U. S. Treasury; W. W. Hastings, Cherokee, Tribal Attorney, Cherokee Nation. Center, sitting—Gabe G. Parker, Choctaw.

SPECIAL OFFICERS FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AMONG THE INDIANS

(Taken at Conference at Denver, Colorado, January, 1, 1914)

Top row, left to right: Jacob P. Brandt, Alf Oftedal, Geo. W. Harper, John S. Glenn, Louis W. Carson, Newton A. Way, Charles E. Carpenter, David L. Crowder, Charles Odell, Clarence T. Johnson. *Bottom row, left to right:* Elmer E. Kinnett; Jessie E. Flanders, Second Assistant Chief Special Officer; Henry A. Larson. Chief Special Officer; Hon. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; F. H. Daiker, Indian Office; Paul T. Hoffman, Indian Office; Thomas E. Brents.

THERE is no getting away from the fact that the illicit liquor traffic among Indians is the one great obstacle in the way of carrying out any definite, effective program for their advancement, either morally, socially, or industrially.

No matter from what angle you view the Indian problem in the field, you behold the demon alcohol staring you in the face.

O. H. L.

meddlers; but the tide of public opinion had set in, and its waters were running swift, strong and irresistible in their might. All questions of whether the North was responsible, who had sold the slaves to the South, of local self-government, property rights, and personal liberty were swept aside. The figure of Lincoln, majestic and towering, arose—one of the grandest that ever stood against the horizon—and he uttered the words—

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

The conflict came. War with all its horrors was upon us. The country was tossed and rocked in the storm of shot and shell, and the end came when valor could no longer cope with valor. The fife and drum were still. A battered flag, the proudest and bravest that ever led a hope, was furled, but not dishonored, and the South stood in the ashes of her woe like Niobe, all in tears, and drank the bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs. But the slaves were freed. We did not despair, and we have splendidly redeemed our land, and to-day there is not one to be found anywhere on Southern soil who would want, if he could, to revive the institution of human slavery.

The contest now is against slavery of another and more dangerous form. Shackles may encircle limbs, but the coil of the still holds in its crushing embrace more human forms than the slave mart ever held, and alcohol is a fiercer and more heartless taskmaster than any slave-driver who ever cracked a whip over a black and writhing back. To free this country from intoxicating drink is a crusade worthy of all the Richards and Ivanhoes of modern chivalry.

Will it not be a mighty victory of peace—the return of a greater blessing than the North conferrred upon us when she freed the slaves—for the South, asserting the old manhood of the race, to gird on the armor of truth and, full panoplied in righteousness, to lead a successful assault upon the intrenched citadels of intemperance in the North?

The South from Arkansas to the Carolinas, from Tennessee to Texas, has freed herself, and now turns her face to the North and East, and proclaims that she has no Missouri Compromise to offer on the slavery of the liquor traffic, for "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and "This Nation cannot exist half slave and half free."

IN years gone by, war was wont to rear his horrid front o'er many an Indian camp, but his bullets were never half so deadly as the "liquid jimmy" frequently employed by the "grafter" to pry the Indian loose from his property.

O. H. L.

THE liquor evil is recognized as one of the greatest confronting the Indian to-day, not only because of its demoralizing influence, but for the further and very important reason that it makes him an easy prey to the unscrupulous.

COMMISSIONER SELLS